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## ORIGINAL.

### STANZAS.

I love the little cot  
Amid the shady glen,  
Where live the birds in heart,  
Unknown to haughty men.  
How pleasant 'tis to wander there  
At evening's sacred hour of prayer.

The sun has left our skies,  
Night's curtain round is spread,  
The book that Christian's prize  
Upon the stand is laid.  
And silence reigns unbroken there,  
At evening's sacred hour of prayer.

At length a voice is heard,  
Solemn and sweetly low,  
It reads the holy word  
Which God has sent below;  
Then infant voices sweetly join,  
With older ones in songs divine.

And presently all kneel  
Before the Holy One,  
And in His presence seal  
Allegiance to His throne;  
They praise Him for the mercies given,  
And ask His guidance on to heaven.

This hallowed worship o'er,  
The babes to sleep retire,  
While older ones with joy  
To lofty themes aspire.  
Forgetting earth's low cares and sighs,  
They talk of joys beyond the skies.

O let me ever dwell  
In some such loved retreat,  
Nor feel my bosom swell  
With a wish for state,  
For here does pure religion shine,  
And proves its origin divine.

FOR THE MIRROR.

### HINTS

#### FOR THOSE WHO NEED THEM.

BY "GUTTA PERCHA."

What a horrible thing it is to most young ladies to think of living to be "Old Maids." The most they study about from twelve to eighteen, is marrying, and if they happen to reach that period without finding a fool to love them, they are almost ready to commit suicide. And what splendid house-wives these aged matrons make! Go to their establishments, and you will feel like as if you were in a "chance world." Things look as if they had been rained from the clouds, and then stirred with a mush stick to put them in order. In the cupboard you will see cups, plates, knives, forks, spoons, bowls, combs, brushes, papers, spoons of thread, and fifty other things all mingled together, pell-mell, with the bread, meat and butter. Peep into their bureaus, boxes, baskets, &c., and you will see dresses, gloves, collars, remnants of lace, skeins of thread, balls of yarn, scraps of calico, old letters, papers, garden-seeds, snails of wrapping thread, rags—almost any and every thing one can think of—all stirred up together. Go into the kitchen—no, it is too much; you must not go there!

Should a kind friend hint at order and economy, "O, my! they haven't time to keep things righted up. There is so much to do, it is impossible." Dear souls, how I pity them! If you wish to see a "time," step in some afternoon, and invite them to visit a friend with you, and if you don't see a "time," indeed, I'm mistaken. Combs are lost, stockings want darning, dress is not fit to be worn without ironing, collar can't be found, pins are gone, gloves are to be hunted; and there is such a storming, running, turning, stirring, as would not be seen in a genuine "old maid's" apartment during a half century. And there is the bowing, scraping, paving, who used to pass by, with so much apparent contempt, the sober girl of 25,

(though she didn't want him), in pursuit of the gay butterfly! How he was cheated! Don't he look pitiful! But he don't deserve pity. Before marriage he cared for nothing but rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes and simpering lips, and let him suffer the consequences. "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

But there are some young beings who come to their senses after marriage, and would then like to do right, if they knew how: for such I have some sympathy, and to such I would like to write a short letter if I knew where to begin. It does me more good to enter a tidy cabin, than it would to step into a palace; and all that is required to render any house pleasant, is to have a right place for everything, and to keep everything clean, and in its right place. Now, friends, couldn't you do this? If you haven't places enough for your things, sit down just now and make a dozen pockets, put them in a convenient spot, but not where they will be staring every one who enters out of countenance. And now go to dividing out your things—put clean rags in one, (if you have no other use for them, they will help buy the children's primers), scraps of calico in another, garden seeds in another, waste paper in another, strings, tie-threads, &c. in another, balls of yarn in another, and so on, till you have each class of encumbrances to itself;—then as you collect in future, put each with its own species. And what an amount of vexatious labor you will thereby save!—and how few things will be lost.—Now look about your beds. Leave nothing there but beds and bed-clothing, and if you have more of the latter than is in daily use, fold nicely and lay it away carefully, whether it be in a press or on a shelf, or even on a loose board; for I am not writing this for rich folks, but for dwellers in log cabins, who have, at most, but two or three rooms. Notice the place where you keep your Sunday fixings, whether it be drawer, box or shelf, and right it up. Have a corner or a center for every little "notion," and keep each there. Think what a pleasure it will be to find them in a moment, and ready to wear, whenever you need them. Now, if you have these things just as you would wish me to find them were I to give you a call. Turn to your kitchen, pantry, milk-room, and so on, never stop till you get every thing "fixed up," if it takes you a month, and from this time forward never anything away after using it without making it fit for use again. You might just as well wash out your bottles after dinner, as to wait and do it at supper-time.

There is a great complaint about "want of time," but real go-ahead people always find time enough. They first find out what is to be done, and then do it with their might. The ladies—they are ladies—will ess, make their beds, clean their rooms, and get breakfast half ready, before their husbands commenced dressing at the same time, will have finished taking their night-caps. Don't laugh,—the truth! And whenever I see girl in health, rise and dress as if there was no need for her in the world. I set that one down for a useless thing. I don't want to see clothes piled on, but it doesn't take a smart woman a week to dress neatly!

Rise early—look up to heaven with a grateful heart—ask for wisdom to fit you for your duties, domestic, moral, and religious—then think that is necessary to be done—lay your plans accordingly, and proceed with them cheerfully. If you are disappointed in anything, don't sit down and cry about it. Look on the bright side. It might have been worse. Go ahead! you will soon forget it all, and then the world will look just as well to you as before.

I should like to say a little about your husbands. No doubt you have heard of 'ere this that they are not perfect!—and they have been convinced some time since that you are not "angels." Well, you are married now, and must try and be contented with your fate; for you know you were not willing to be "old maids."

And, if I am not mistaken, your happiness now, depends somewhat upon the efforts you put forth to make your husbands happy. If you are frank, kind-hearted, saving, industrious and yielding, it is ten to one if they don't yet think, sometimes, that no other men have as good wives as they;—that is if you have not married friends instead of men. But if you should happen to be selfish and manifest the opposite traits of character, I fear you will pass a miserable life. And all I can now say to you is, you ought to have thought of all these things before you married; and if your temper was too bad a mend, should have lived and died happy "Old Maids."

### SELFISHNESS.

What is the source of half the miseries of life? Why are families, and towns, and neighborhoods, and even Churches, so often in a ferment? Why so much wrangling and confusion in every form of society? Is it not owing to a care-not for the happiness of one another—to selfishness? Is not this the bane of earthly bliss? A selfish man is never happy, and it is impossible for those about him to be so. I do not express myself thus merely from theory. After a close observation of society for years, I am fully persuaded that the surest way for one to become happy, is to forget self to a good degree, and live for the happiness of others. I do not mean that this will require any great sacrifices, for our enjoyments are made up of little things. A constant attention to the wants of those around us, and a continual desire to please—to soothe sorrow, to pacify anger, and add to pleasure, are all that are necessary.—When I look at the wretchedness found in the world, and think how large a portion of it is caused by selfishness, I have not language to express my abhorrence of this detestable disposition. Who can tell the number of tears hourly wrung from suffering poor by selfish, hard-hearted men and women of wealth? Who knows the aching of heart, the bitter signs, and solitary moanings of own-trodden servants, while ministering to the wants and comforts of selfish, fault-finding masters and mistresses? O! what a fearful reckoning is awaiting many of these at the Judgment seat. Parents should be careful how they nurture selfishness in the hearts of their children; for there is no surer way of making them miserable through life,—aye, and thro' eternity, too—than to train them up with a haughty, overbearing, self-important spirit. No one can truly love a man or woman of this disposition; and without loving and being loved it is impossible for any created, intelligent being to be happy.

This subject is too little considered even among Christians,—among the followers of Him who for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich.—There was nothing of selfishness in the character of Jesus. He lived not for himself. He died for others.—And one very important precept which he gave to his disciples is, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." This is the grand antidote to all the evils of selfishness, and if universally practised, would soon render our earth a paradise. All Christians ought to act upon this principle. If men of the world be close-hearted, I know not how Christians can be so; for benevolence seems to be a distinguishing trait of Christianity. Take this from it, and what could it do for our race? What kind of a Christian would he be who cared not if all the world were lost, so he were saved? Did we ever see or read of such a one? Are we selfish? Let us bring this subject close home to our hearts; view it in all its bearings, and see if we cannot do something to increase, at least in some small degree, the happiness of the world.

SEBA.

"There are two periods," says the Providence Journal, "when Congress does no business: one is before the holidays, and the other is after the holidays."

## POETRY.

### A HOME IN THE HEART.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,  
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;  
Tho' the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold,  
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.  
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,  
Where love once awakened will never depart;  
Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,  
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,  
That will heighten your pleasure and so-  
lace your care;  
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,  
And be sure that the world holds no treasure so rare.  
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,  
The cheek-bearing tear-drops of sorrow may start,  
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him  
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

From the Christian Register.

### THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

BY J. LAWRENCE.

What can electric fluid be  
That telegraphic mystery?  
Swift messenger indeed!  
Is it the lightning of the sky  
That flashes, thunders, passes by  
With fiery seraph-speed?

This element of flippant move  
Resembling thought, in hate or love,  
Surprising journeys takes;  
For in the twinkling of an eye  
A hundred thousand miles, they say,  
One single flight it makes.

Jehovah's laws it will observe  
Yet deigns ingenious man to serve;  
But kills as well as cures;  
This agent find we every where  
The soul of all the atmosphere,  
By which the world endures.

The grace of God resembles most  
This wonder-working flying post;  
Truth is to grace the wire  
By which it travels, day and night,  
And stops the sinner in his flight  
To everlasting fire.

Grace swiftly flies o'er regions far  
Beyond the utmost fixed star  
From the eternal throne,  
Down to the deserts of the earth  
With tidings of Messiah's worth;  
God's everlasting Son.

Wherever now the Gospel is  
Proclaim'd,—this Telegraph of bliss  
Has fixed a station there;  
Where all around are bid to come  
And learn the news of Zion's home  
Her watchmen loud declare.

And as the tidings fly along  
Sorrow was turned to a song,  
The wilderness to fields;  
The desert wild and places bare  
Like Eden richly fertile are  
Where grace its virtues yields.

Then soon return along the wires  
The good effect which grace inspires  
In prayers and praise of men,  
Ascending all in Jesus' name,  
Glad tidings where his kingdom came  
And angels shout—AMEN.

### HONOR TO ALL.

BY JAMES H. HUNTER.

Honor to him whose sinew'd arm  
Swings the ponderous sledge;  
Honor to him whose sturdy hand  
Delivers at the fruitless hedge;  
To every toiler who striveth  
To beautify the earth.

Be honor and fame far greater  
Than to men of kingly birth.  
Who makes a blade of grass to grow,  
Where there grew none before,  
Is greater far than the demi-god,  
Whose mantle drips with gore;  
Then plant the spade in desert ground  
And make its treasures spring.

God bless the land and home of him,  
Who's greater than a king.  
A man got up the other night, and took,  
as he supposed, a card of matches, and  
went to break off one by one, trying to light  
a lamp, until the whole card was used up  
without accomplishing his object, when he  
discovered he had used up his wife's comb.

## Miscellaneous.

From the American Messenger.

### The Bible and the Young Preacher.

When I settled over the only Presbyterian church in ——— county, East Tennessee, I extended my labors to the destitute in various parts of the county, taking a few Bibles in my saddle-bags. On one occasion, after I had parted with the last Bible, a lad came to me and very modestly asked for one. I promised one to him, and on my next visit supplied him with the precious book. I learned that he was an orphan boy, and was bound to an innkeeper, but twelve or fifteen years have since gone by, and the boy and the circumstances had passed from my memory.

A few months ago, my wife accompanied me to a Baptist church, where we listened to a fluent, warm-hearted discourse presenting a clear view of the way of salvation by Christ, near the close of which the preacher especially urged the young to the diligent reading of the Scriptures.

"When I was a small boy," said he, "I was taken and bound to a man who was an unbeliever in religion, and would not furnish his family with the Bible. I went one day to preaching at such a place. The congregation was so large that neither the house nor the barn would contain them, and the congregation moved into the orchard. I felt the force of the sermon, my conscience was awakened. After the sermon the preacher was giving Bibles to a few poor people who had none. I went up and made my request. There was none left for me, but the minister promised to furnish me one, which he did in a short time. I took it home, and for fear it would be taken from me, hid it in the barn in a pile of straw, and every time I went to the barn by myself I would in my feeble manner, read a portion of it. That book proved to be the means of my conversion. I had the name of the minister who gave it to me written in it, with my own. I have that bible yet, and have been preaching out of it for so many years."

You may imagine my surprise when he read my name as the giver of that Bible. After he had dismissed the assembly, I need not tell you of the pleasant greeting we had. This young brother is now one of our most successful preachers, and an ardent friend to all the benevolent institutions of this age.

### New Yankee Idea.

An English paper informs us, that "in the State of New York the farmers use the labor of sheep to churn their butter. They select a poor one, and put it upon a kind of treadmill. It takes a day or two to get it into harness. It soon learns, jumps upon the machine, performs its task, leaps off, is then well fed, and returns with alacrity to its work; and when once fully fatigued, it is sold, its place supplied by a lean one!" This piece of news is headed "A Yankee Dodge." We have seen it in a dozen of the English, Irish and Scotch papers.

A curious case of somnambulism is recorded in the Chillicothe Gazette. A daughter of Mr. Thomas Kaine arose from her sleep, and in her night-clothes walked four miles, up the Scioto river, and swam across a deep part, and was found by an "early riser" sitting on the bank of the river—sleeping! Remarkable enough, as the girl was only 13 years old, and couldn't swim when awake!

Some of the farmers, and others, of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, are selling off their farms and town property, and moving to Maryland and Virginia. They are selling their farm land for \$60, \$80 and \$100 per acre, and buying at from \$20 to \$40 dollars per acre, in the last mentioned States.—*Eastern Whig.*

A woman has made application, in the Massachusetts Supreme Court, for a bill of divorce. Her husband has been sentenced to the State prison for a period of over seven years, which by law, entitles her to a divorce, but it appears that she was instrumental in getting him to prison.

SUNDAY TRAVEL.—A petition to the directors of the Virginia Central Railroad to discontinue the Sunday train, is in circulation along the line of the Railroad.

Woman's silence, though it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

### Mr. Webster's Funeral.

The following beautiful passage is from the funeral oration delivered by the Hon. Mr. Hilliard, at Boston.

"He was buried simply as the head of a household, after the manner of New England. But the immense crowds which were there drawn from all parts of the land by their own veneration and love, formed and element of impressiveness far above all civic pageantry or military honors. Who, that was there present, will ever forget the scene on which fell the rich light of that soft autumnal day. There was the landscape so stamped with his image and identified with his presence. There were the trees he had planted; the fields over which he had delighted to walk, and the ocean whose waves were music to his ear. There was the house with its hospitable door; but the stately form of its master did not stand there, with outstretched hand, and smile of welcome. That smile had vanished forever from the earth, and the hand and form were silent, cold and motionless.

The dignity of life had given place to the dignity of death. No narrow chamber held that illustrious dust; no coffin concealed that majestic frame. In open air clad as when alive, he lay extended in seeming sleep; with no touch of disfigurement upon his brow, as noble an image of repose strength as ever was seen upon earth. Around him was the landscape that he had loved, and above him was nothing but the dome of the covering heavens. The sunshine fell upon the dead man's face, and the breeze blew over it. A lover of nature, he seemed to be gathered into her maternal arms, and die like a child upon a mother's lap."

### Twelve Millions of Blacks.

An American paper gives the following statement of the number of the people of color in the New World:

United States,	3,650,000
Brazil,	4,050,000
Spanish Colonies,	1,470,000
South American Republics,	1,130,000
Haiti,	850,000
British Colonies,	750,000
French Colonies,	270,000
Dutch Colonies,	50,000
Danish Colonies,	45,000
Mexico,	70,000
Canada,	35,000
<b>Total,</b>	<b>12,370,000</b>

Of these, seven million and a half are in slavery in the United States, Brazil and the Dutch and Spanish colonies; one quarter of a million in process of emancipation in the South American republics, and the remainder, four millions six hundred and twenty thousand, are free. In the United States, the colored population is increasing at the rate of one hundred thousand a year. In the Spanish colonies and Brazil, the number is kept up by constant importations of slaves from the coast of Africa, otherwise there would be a considerable annual decrease in the colored population of those countries till the sexes became equalized. Here, then, we have the important fact that there are, at the present time, upward of twelve millions of Africans and their descendants in the New World, united together in sympathy, in hope, or in despair.—*Colonization Herald.*

Queries by a Medical Joker.—If the patient does not recover his health, ought the physician to recover his fees? If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl? Would it not be the height of "cruelty to animals," to "throw physic to the dogs?"

The North American Review is of the opinion that the annual supply of the precious metals will not fall below a hundred millions of dollars for many years, and that in a quarter of a century this supply will depreciate money to one-half or one-third its present value.

It is computed that upwards of four millions of dollars are paid annually, in salaries, to the Presidents, Cashiers, Tellers, and other employees of the various banking institutions in the United States.

The British sloop Sophia, from Liverpool, with a cargo of salt, went ashore near Charleston on Monday last, and after getting off sunk in seven fathoms water. The vessel and cargo are a total loss. Her passengers and crew were saved.

Horace Mann, in his lecture on "Woman," says: "I see but one reason why woman should not preach the Gospel, and that reason is, that it is ten thousand times better to go about practicing the Gospel, than even to preach it."

Mr. Clifford (whig) is elected Governor of Massachusetts by the Legislature. The vote stood, for Clifford 146, Bishop 84, Horace Mann 51.

### THE HOUSE-KEEPER.

TO IRON VELVET.

Having ripped the velvet apart, dump each piece separately, and holding it tightly in both hands, stretch it before the fire, the wrong side of the velvet being towards the fire. This will remove the creases, and give the surface of the material a fresh and new appearance. Velvet cannot be ironed on a table, for when spread out on a hard substance, the iron will not go smoothly over the pile.

### TO TAKE OLD STAINS OUT OF LINEN.

Rub the stains on each side with wet brown soap; mix some starch to a thick paste, with cold water, and spread it over the soaped places; then expose the linen to the air, and if the stains have not disappeared in three or four days, rub off the mixture, and repeat the process with fresh soap and starch. Afterwards dry it, wet it with cold water, and put it in the wash.

### TO CLEAN GERMAN SILVER.

After using, it should be placed immediately in hot water, washed well, and wiped dry with a soft cloth. Once a week, let it be washed in soap-suds, and then cleaned with fine whiting, or prepared chalk, mixed with whiskey or spirits of wine, so as to make a paste, which should afterwards be brushed off. Should this mottle become discolored, wash it first, and then clean it with sweet oil and powdered rotten-stone.

### TO DETECT DAMPNES IN BEDS.

First have the bed well warmed with a warming-pan; then, the moment the pan is taken out, introduce between the sheets an inverted glass tumbler. After it has remained there a few minutes, withdraw it. If the glass is found dry, you may go to bed without any apprehension of chill or rheumatism. If the glass is covered with drops of wet or damp steam, the safest plan is to take off the sheets and sleep between the blankets, as a second pair would probably be no better than the first.

### TO BAKE APPLES.

Take four apples, those of a keen acid, and to every square tin filled with them, pour over a tea-cupful of sugar. Bake them slowly till done. Eat them with cream and the juice which cooks from them. Nobody knows much of baked apples who has not eaten them in this way. No quince, pear, peach or plum preserves equal this simple dessert.

### ITEMS.

California is fifty-seven times as large as Massachusetts.

Cast-iron pavements are being laid in Boston, as an experiment.

Confront improper conduct, not by retaliation, but by example.

Judge Douglas is re-elected to the U. S. Senate from Illinois.

Hon. John M. Clayton is elected to the U. S. Senate from Delaware.

John Pettit (dem.) is elected to the U. S. Senate from the state of Indiana.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop has declined being a candidate for the U. S. Senate.

The value of land in the centre of the city of London is £400,000 per acre.

One of the strongest characteristics of genius is the power of lighting its own fire.

Herbert, (dem.) is elected Governor of Louisiana, by a majority of about 2,000 votes.

Mr. Riddle (whig) is elected Mayor of the city of Pittsburg, by a majority of 350 votes.

Gold.—The steamship Illinois, just arrived from California, brings two millions and a half of gold!

Snow was two feet deep, the papers say, in the city of New York, on the 13th inst. At Boston, it was 8 inches deep and falling fast.

One brave little girl, ten years of age, whose ankle was so badly broken as to render immediate amputation necessary, never shed a tear, but but kept saying, "don't cry, mother; you see I don't."

The Minister of Commerce, at Berlin, has issued an order that in future all rails to be laid down on new railways shall be wrought iron, and that cast-iron rails, already laid down, shall be gradually replaced by wrought iron ones.